



Blind



👁 18 ✓ 0 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

Mom is the one who shakes me awake, out of my dreams, and back into the world known simply as reality.

“Ivy, wake up!”

There’s a bit of rustling around, probably Mom picking my dirty laundry off the floor. I can just imagine Mom, bending down, her arm already draped with several pair of jeans and t-shirts. I open my eyes, lying in bed for a few more seconds, my eyelids beginning to droop, before Mom carries me out of bed and leaves the room.

I can hear the clicking of Bailey’s claws on the wood floors in the hallway, heading to my room since I’m awake.

My fingers search for the handles of the closet, then find the cold silver knobs, pulling. The sound of the doors creaking on their hinges confirms that I opened the doors.

I step forward, my fingers flying through the air, searching, until I can feel cloth, then I take the first thing I touch out of the closet.

It’s easy to tell the difference between a shirt and jeans based simply on their touch, sometimes smell. It’s also easy to tell the difference between a jacket and a shirt, based on touch or smell.

I pull on my clothes as quickly as possible, then straighten up, knowing I’m standing right in front of the mirror on the back of my door.

Of course, I don’t know what I look like.

Or what anybody looks like.

Or what anything looks like.

I’m blind.

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